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AT THE SILVER GATE



JOHN · VANCE · CHENEY

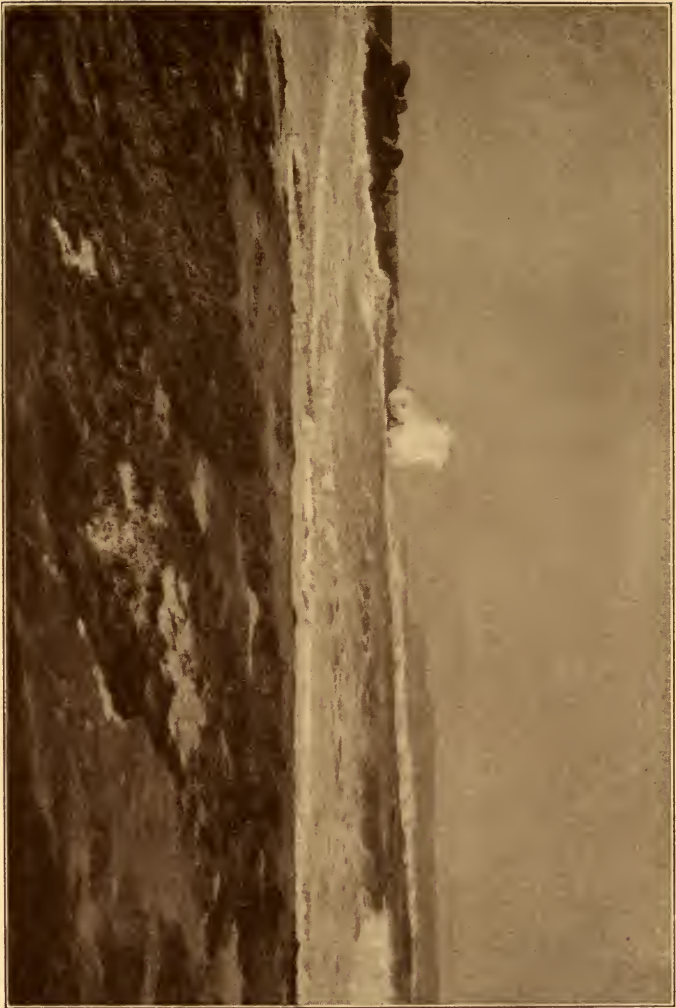
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AT THE SILVER GATE



AT THE SILVER GATE

AT THE
SILVER GATE

BY
JOHN VANCE CHENEY

AUTHOR OF "POEMS" (1905) "THE TIME OF
ROSES" (1908)

*With Thirty-two Illustrations from
Photographs*



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The illustrations of this volume are, with two or three exceptions, from photographs taken by Mr. Harold A. Taylor, of Coronado.

The author would express his thanks to Mr. Taylor and to the many other friends in California who have generously helped bring together the present collection.

J. V. C.

AL ANCLA,
Mission Hills, San Diego.

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AT THE SILVER GATE



OLD SPANISH HOUSE AT OLD TOWN

PRESIDIO HILL

SABRE and cross on this historic crown
Began the conquest of our western sward,
Advancing, while they builded fort and town,
The kingdom of the Lord.

The whale calved, then, in San Diego Bay,
And in the kelp beds, off the Loman shore,
The otter bred. Tales of that deedful day
Leap to men's lips no more;

But yonder pair, the Parent Palms, oft tell
Two things, as of them all their dream were
made:

How first rang out the branch-swung Mission bell,
How Padre Serra prayed.

The while they speak, the old winds softer blow
Past palsied Old Town, drowsing in the sun,
Breathing some pertinent burden,—“ Long ago
The padre's work was done!”



AT THE SILVER GATE

Come whence we may, memorial murmurs find
The heart of us who on these grasses tread;
'Tis benediction, not the warm sea-wind,
The breath on the bowed head,

First felt here when pale Serra bowed, his lip
Quivering with victory, in the Master's name,
As, with the sight of trust, he saw the ship
Far in the sun's low flame,

And the Lord's gate was safe. This mother hill,
Under clear skies, beside the Peaceful Sea,
Her voices all, when winds are loud or still,
Are sweet with memory.

At this dusk hour — scarce voice enough to tell
Whether it be of silence or of sound —
The day is saying once again, "Farewell,
God's unforgotten ground!"

The trusting toil, the courage of it all!
The votive grasses tremble and grow still:
The heavens are bending low — 'tis evenfall
On old Presidio Hill.





INTERIOR OF OLD SPANISH HOUSE

MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

SLEEP sits beside the garden way
Among the olives, past the well.
The light-foot horses, wont to stray,
Are bowed beneath the drowsy spell;
The cattle, sheep, listless they stand
As shadows of the bottom-land.

From storehouse, from the busy shop,
From quarters of the two-men guard,
Comes not a sound; the sea-winds stop,
Mute guests, within the Mission yard;
The girl, under the orange leaves,
Has dropt the pattern that she weaves.

The white wall and the roof's red tile
Shone never quite so bright before;
No doubt, the fathers nap, the while,
An angel standing at the door.

AT THE SILVER GATE

Not so; one is abroad, the one
Whose tender task is never done,

Compassionate Jáume, wont to care
For bird and beast of field and wood
As cared the saint, the first to wear
The gray-brown San Franciscan hood.
With half-shut eyes the neophyte
Looks in his face as at a light.

The father wins them child by child;
Now this one he has led apart —
As by a melody beguiled,
A mystic singing at his heart —
Under the group of mindful palms,
Murmuring, wind-stirred, the Master's psalms.

More beautiful no pastoral stray,
No flute-drift of Sicilian song;
The wilful world, come here, would say,—
Let us, too, go with him along,
So much a man, yet all a child,
Watering the stiff weeds of the wild.



MISSION SAN DIEGO ALCALA AS IT NOW STANDS

MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

Harkening the Voice, straight on he goes,
Scorner of danger and of pain,
Uncareful as the breeze that blows
The yellow grass, of selfish gain;
High place, great riches, are but dross
To this lone follower of the Cross.

Stand, olived sheepfold, unafraid,
Watched over alway, tended thus.
But see, the yellow hill-tops fade,
And hark — the evening angelus.—
Alack, it is still broad noon-day!
The wild dove called my dream away.

'Twas but a dream; yet thanks for it,
Woven through and through of human worth,
Of those rare sacrifices writ
On this poor ruin, to the earth
Fast falling back, hid hopelessly
From all the golden days to be.

But, though the padre's work is done,
The spider weaves across the well,

AT THE SILVER GATE

The walls are crumbling from the sun,
And voiceless hangs the rusting bell,
The bees hive yet, still comes the dove,—
Nature's abiding sweet and love.

Nature will never once forget
To lavish here the morning light,
And thickly, overhead, to set
Her stars, the softest of the night.
Heaven, too, remembers, nor shall fail
Heaven's mercy comely Mission Vale.



THE OLIVE PRESS, MISSION GARDEN

THE WOODEN CROSS IN THE WEEDS

HE that fell here wore the one crown
The humble sovereign can lay down,
And so be kinglier than he was before:
Time writes against this martyr's name,—
“A better world because he came,
Good Padre Jáume, to this western shore.”

God's house — there, one day, should it build.
So Jáume dreamed; so Heaven willed,
Since fit the place — Nature could do no more —
And fitter none than he to sit,
Meek master of himself and it,
Light of the souls having no light before.

The savage, with his ax and brand,
Could not Heaven's warrior understand.
“Seek Him, love Him, my children!” so he cried
On the raw ranks of native men,

AT THE SILVER GATE

Who only struck, and struck again,
And left him with the arrows in his side.

The father loved, when waned the day,
To wander up the valley way ;
Free, for an hour, from the resisting wills,
The wrestling with unready mind,
To bare his forehead to the wind,
Still blowing, blowing on the blessèd hills.

Around this little leaning cross
Bend, yellow grasses, wave and toss ;
Gleam, gray ancestral olives ; blow, winds, blow
Back sweeter, sunny hour to hour,
Love's perfume,—breath of the one flower
In all God's keep that comes, and cannot go !



THE WOODEN CROSS





MISSION VALLEY, (MISSION AT UPPER END)

BEFORE THE PORTRAIT OF PADRE
JUNÍPERO

FAITHFUL the nameless radiance still
 Upon these features; never dies
The light that did his spirit fill,
 The halt priest with the heavenly eyes.

It lamped his feet through the long night
 He walked where now the ruins are,—
The one unbroken mother-light
 Running from roses to the star.

His heart-beat was the Mission chime;
 The lowly leader keeps his place.
The stars will wear it while they climb,
 The light upon this friar's face.

THE LOST SHEEP

WITHIN the Mission shadow none might
sleep

Of these who, unshrived, laid them down and
died;

Poor banished folk of the unhallowed steep,
Sunk from the long, long sunshine, side by side!

Have they some comfort of the patient day,
Of the great stars, the wind-songs? It may be;
They make no moan, though up the woful way
God's left hand haled them, thrust out utterly.



PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA



THE HARBOR OF THE SUN

AT THE SILVER GATE

'T WAS here Cabrillo's eye
Grew soft, looking upon this bay,
The hilltops near and far away ;
Then — fitly — on the brooding sky,
Too soon bent down to him, about to die.

Here Viscaino's men
Ran out, along the Loman wall,
To meet the gathered glories all,
Thronging upon their broadened ken,
Lordlier than Cortes met on Darien.

For the first guests no dream
Of that fair race one day to fill
Our happy valleys to the hill ;
Of that full Anglo-Saxon stream
To flow amid the gladness and the gleam.

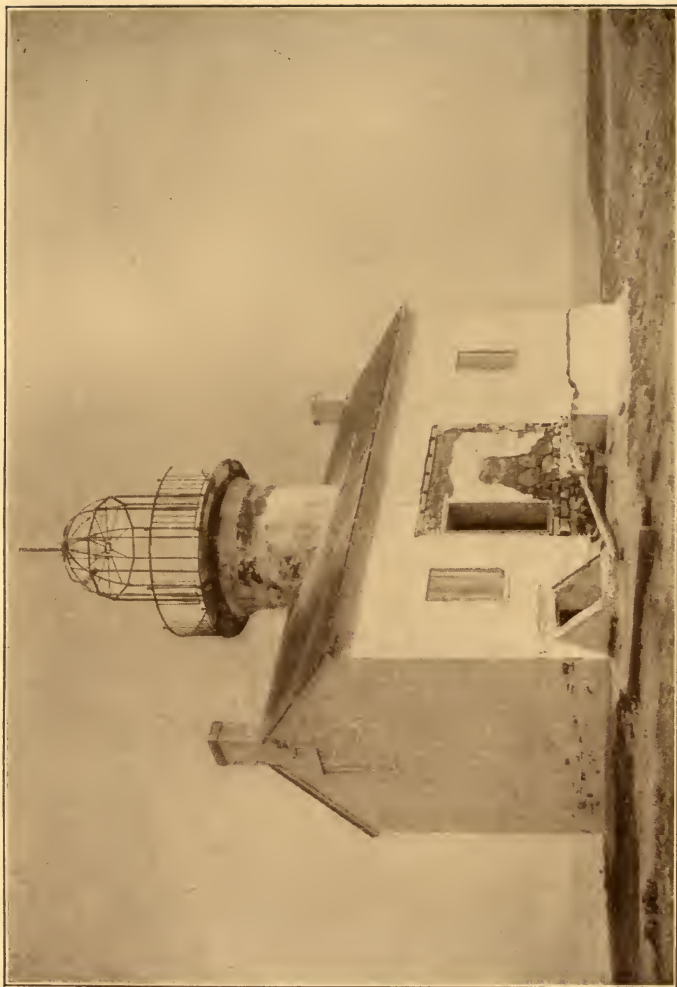
AT THE SILVER GATE

It was to him no nigher
Who found the wild rose, at his feet,
Dipt in the old Castilian sweet,—
Serra, engirt with mystic fire,
Lost in the visions of the saint's desire.

Interpreted, to-day,
The prescient heart-beat of the sea,
The mountain-breath of prophecy?
As the blue heavens grow to gray,
The far voice calling, so it sinks away.

But hearts there be that hear it, now,
And for art's morning do they wait,—
For the dawn-song, at the Silver Gate,
Of him the days will yet endow
As with the might behind the glacier-plough;

The New-World singer, strong
To sing our southland sea and shore
In native staves unheard before;
Strong to call down our matin song,
Impatient, staying in the stars too long.



THE ABANDONED LIGHT HOUSE, POINT LOMA

THE VOICE OF THE SEQUOIA

I THOUGHT it spoke to me,
The lingering spirit of the giant tree

Fallen on the western shore,—
The redwood Saul with fourteen centuries hoar :

“ In this huge husk I yet
Abide — Who may the old home soon forget? —

“ Abide long as I may,
Dreaming my dreams until they fade away.

“ The morning I did push
My twigs the little height of yonder bush,

“ Ruddy Justinian saw,
Busied betwixt the bishops and his Law ;

AT THE SILVER GATE

“ Mahomet knew those skies,
Lithe-limbed, the fire of prophets in his eyes.

“ I can recall the day
The Frank set forth upon his warrior's way —

“ He that could Cæsar be
And Alfred too, the flower of empery; —

“ The day great Saladin
Threw open Judah's gate, and entered in,

“ When Christian lance and sword
Dealt all that death, nor broke the alien horde.

“ But there were happier things
And lovelier mingled in my murmurings:

“ The woodland wail divine
Of Dante's grief — Dante, the human pine;

“ Spring's earliest, sweetest note
She tossed in air from English Chaucer's throat;



THE SEQUOIA

THE VOICE OF THE SEQUOIA

“ News of the fateful fleet
Sailing to lead all peoples to my feet ;

“ Tales of the Titan lone,
Writing his poems in the Roman stone ;

“ Of him, the wonder-child,
On whom Beauty and all the Muses smiled,

“ Whom Nature loved so well
She must her dearest secret to him tell,

“ And wish she had yet more
To give ; (she did not know her heart before ;

“ Man knew not his ; for when
Her Shakespeare sang the world grew young
again ;)

“ Of him whose symphony,
Rhythmic with swingings of the star and sea,

“ Embroiled in blank mid-air
Heaven's host and Hell's, nor did too greatly dare ;

“ Of Pisa’s son who read
The Open Book, undaunted whither led,

“ Charting the haughty way
Newton would follow in the broader day.

“ Again and yet again
The burdened wind. There dawned a morning
when

“ It said thy sires cried out
To the free hills; I heard the answering shout —

“ Well freed thy land; the sea
Rolls all her waves ’twixt it and tyranny —

“ I caught a kindred cry
From France the beautiful; she hung the sky

“ With horrors while she thrust
Oppression through and trod him in the dust.

“ Now ’twas, the Furies ran
And loosed, hawk-beaked and clawed, the Corsican.

THE VOICE OF THE SEQUOIA

“ Soon drooped that phantom wing;
But hark! proud life hears yet her Goethe sing,

“ Hears Wordsworth; still does ease
Her heart with those high, wordless melodies

“ Beyond the poet's flight,—
Beethoven's measures, music's utter might.

“ Again and yet again
The burdened wind. One of the new-time men,

“ Goodly and tall and fair
He stood, trusting the hand that planted there;

“ He took the upper wind
I knew — Lincoln, the cedar of his kind.

“ Those sad new days ye know.
They fade from me; and it is better so.”

The voice fell fainter now,
As when on summer eves it fails the bough;

No further did it say,
But, sighing, drifted with the dreams away.

THE BACKWOODSMAN OF THE SOUTH-
WEST

LONG-RIFLE, ax in hand, behold him
tread

The solemn forest-way,
While butcher-bird and jay
Flit round him in the silence dread.

Idle the warning in the low wind's talk;
Lord of the woodland dim,
Little they trouble him,
Storm, famine and the tomahawk.

The panther's thew he has, the lynx's eye,
The carriage of the tree;
Stern opportunity
He challenges — it goes not by.

No tame, unvaried toil would he begin
Who makes of skins his dress,
His home the wilderness
Europe could lose her kingdoms in.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

He knows the tumult of ambitious might
That shall the pillar shake;
Shall States unmake and make,
Wipe out old landmarks, and rewrite.

To his rib-mould the powder-horn is curled;
With gladiator's mien
He moves from scene to scene,
Mapping the marches of a world.

THE ALAMO

(6 MARCH, 1836)

BEHIND the gray old mission walls
Are fortified nine-score men,
Upon whose like the Sabbath morn
Not soon shall look again.

'Tis Sabbath morn, 'tis Freedom's morn;
Quick, Santa Anna's horde,
Unsheathe, fall on these fearless few,
And glut the drunken sword!

Fall on by thousands; for such die,
On their white lips a smile;
Yea, they will pile you up in heaps,
Perished as beasts, the while.

Beyond this might still higher might
They have — a deathless race:

THE ALAMO

They shall, fast as ye strike them down,
Rise up, each in his place.

They shall stand forth — how tall, how fair! —
Risen Travis and his band;
Their calm eyes resting where ye crouch,
With red and dripping hand.

Strike while ye may! deaf to the voice
From out the Sabbath skies:
Death houses where the coward lives,
Life, where the hero dies.

THE TULE-MAN

“**T**HE Virgin and Santiago!”
Heaven’s voice is the Spaniard’s
cry;
The bush-man makes no answer;
The winds in the tule sigh,—

“In thine old hand the death-thing;
It is neither bow nor stave;
But a Spanish ax, well dabbled
With the blood of thy sons in the grave.”

The winds in the tule whisper,—
“Let drink Maid Mary’s blade;
Lay them, face down, before thee,
Heaped for the Spanish spade!”

Four Spaniards and one old bush-man,
Naked from heel to crown;
Four Spaniards, tight in their armor,
And three of the four go down.

THE TULE-MAN

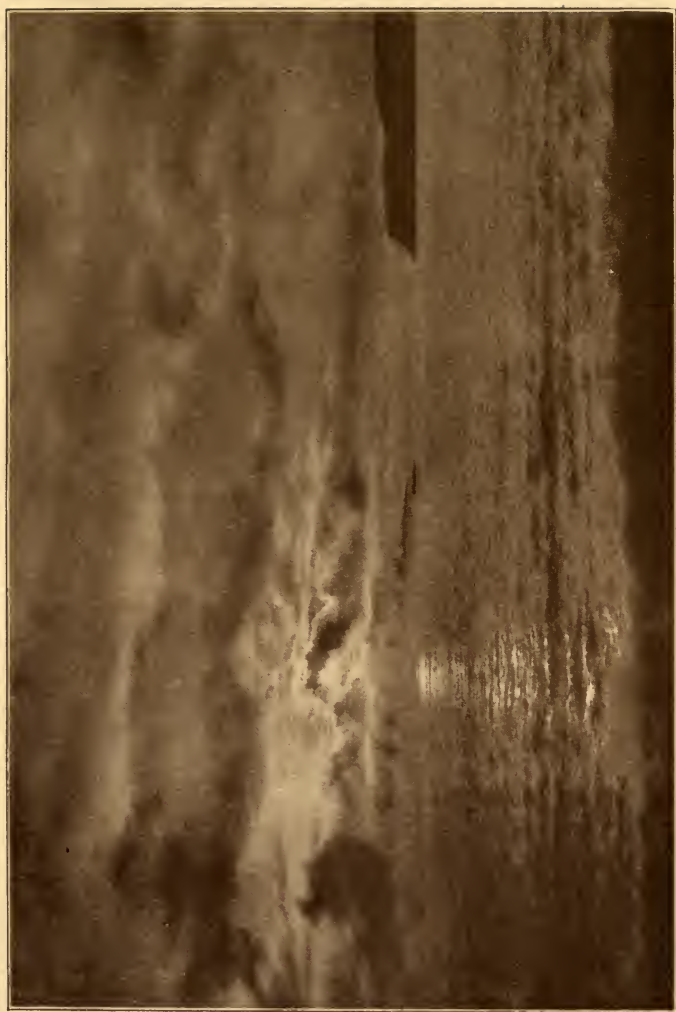
For Gonzalo, the fourth, all a soldier,
Three are enough against one ;
But now he must stand for the Virgin,
He stands with his back to the sun.

The breath will go from a bush-man,
When his last red drop is shed ;
He takes as he has given,
And leans on his ax-helve, dead.—

On his heathen feet he died, men,
Not prone in his pagan gore.
Great is the God of the Christian!
He said it, and spoke no more.

THE MOON

STILL do I lead the stars. In loyal flight,
Up the soft dark they follow, honoring me;
The clouds come with them, widening tenderly
Their silver edges; yea, the vast of night
Far round is gilded with me, of one bright
The bald peak and the hollow of the sea;
So have I yet my maiden empery,
So am I Luna, Lady of the Light.
Love's favorite ages not; unwithered hold
Love's graces though all else the gray years dim.
My day-god lover; down the flattered stair
Descendent, greets me, smiling as of old,
And straight love's wonder works 'twixt me and
him:
He looks upon my face, and it is fair.



MOONLIGHT, POINT LOMA



THE LONE PINE (TORREY GROUP) NEAR LA JOLLA

THE LONE PINE

(TORREY GROUP)

LOOK not on me as a lost desolate,
Yearning under the scourges of the rod.
The One doth dwell apart; at the Lone Gate
I stand, its posts sunk in the thought of God.
The winds cry, "We have scoured the outmost
place,
And not again have come upon thy kind."
Wherefore, perchance, those visitings of grace,
Those glintings of the infinite heart and mind.
Indisputably solitude grows strong
Of sight. The watch on these grim cliffs, flower-
strown,
Is shot with glimpses of the Purpose Long,
Fulfilled of daisies and the patient stone;
I swing me to brave rhythms, breathed raptur-
ously,—
Hosannas of the star-vault and the sea.

THE SEA

THE man-thing me the last shall understand.
He builds him ships, and sends them down
to me;

I bear or break them, as my mood may be.
I'm not, he muses, as the passive land,

Smoothed to his use. Far up my margent sand
He hears the crag-bird calling eerily;

The shell he picks up whispers, *What is he
That harks, the man-thing, of the baffled hand?*
Yet earth or I, which better serveth Him?

The gathered waters, with the ground, obey

The One. My spumy crest, the mountain's
crown —

Which will the sun look last on, waxing dim,

When land and sea together meet the day

He wipes the dish and turns it upside down!



MONTEREY CYPRESS



DESERT INDIAN

THE DESERT

I

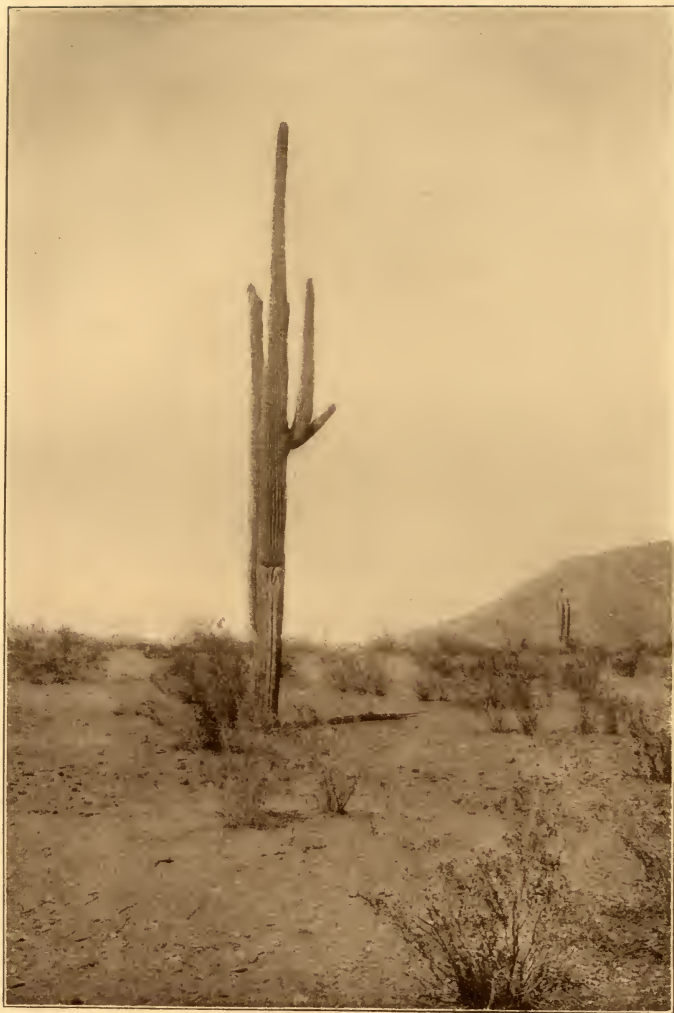
A GREAT bare brain, a disillusioned mind,
I lie here, stretching, gray into the gray,
One endless level, whither none may say
But one,— the restless and unfellowed wind.
Follow him' not; for thou shalt never find
Green hill nor field, nor spring beside the way;
Only the lizard, in the sun at play,
Some spectral thing, before thee or behind.
Whatever gleaming tease thee, trust it not,
Nor toward yon pleasant island set thy feet;
It is a phantom, yea, it is not there.
Turn back from me while yet it is thy lot
To drink of life, bitter it be or sweet;
Thou canst yet — what I can no more — de-
spair.

AT THE SILVER GATE

II

Nathless, because still falls on me fair dream
Of some far-off, benignant happening;
Because the mindful cloud with brooding wing
Gathers of goodly life for pool and stream;
Because the morning keeps his golden gleam,
The lovely colors unto evening cling,
The smooth birds in the green leaves build and
sing —

Since so much holds, this gray death may but seem.
On me may great and gracious changes wait,
To make me other than I am to-day;
Whoso thou art, let me receive thy sons,
Come in the after-time, when friendlier fate
Shall have sown blossoms up and down my way,
Restored the beating where broke off my heart.



GIANT CACTUS

SAN FRANCISCO

I

(APRIL, 1906)

WHO more shall trust thee, Nature; who so
dare

Of all remembering what she was to thee,
To us,— the bodied brightness of the air,
Blithe San Francisco, of the sun and sea?
Mate of the sun, the sea-wind, free as fair,
Dear to the day, the darling of the night,
Running with laughter, and with golden hair
Blown back — but yesterday her heart so light!
To-day, the sea is sobbing her sweet name;
The morning sorrows, and the stars of rest,
For her with that mad craft of shock and flame
Flung, in her sleep, from thy forgetting breast.
Our San Francisco, child of sea and sun,
Thine own, yet ours — Mother, what hast thou
done?

SAN FRANCISCO

II

(OCTOBER, 1909)

Shadows and vanities, blind to the light,
Too wise to know, too proud to understand;
Mortals, of brittle trust and thickened sight,
Undone by the well-doing of my hand,
Can ye not see I did it for her sake,
High as her place was, willed to set her higher?
Under her feet the beams of earth must shake,
Suck there the hungry gurge of wind and fire.
Mine own had need of this, she of my bone,
Whose blood I pulsed, and her safe beauty
 charmed;
The world must know that she, and she alone,
 Could stand, hell-breath full in her face, un-
 harmed.
Behold her risen, the jewels on her brow,
Proved Empress of the Western Garden, now.

CORONADO

BEGINS the ministry
Beside the Quiet Sea,
At the World's Ending, on the Happy Strand:
Farewell, all former things,
Lost in the glimmerings,
The low dream-measures, of the Golden Land.

Wander the gleam and song
The Hills of Light along,
Between us and the old homes, ours no more;
Their way is on the beach
Where up the warm waves reach
Sea lullabies to the Enchanted Shore.

From the lethean bough
The charm falls deeper, now;
Faint voices on the bright air wake and run;
"Forget," the warm waves say,



CORONADO BEACH

CORONADO

“Sink, sink in dream away!”

Sweet leaves repeat it, swinging in the sun.

On Coronado sands

The gray Fates fold their hands;

Naught are the days behind, the days to be;

Only the present hour

And the dream-field in flower,

And breathings of the lote leaves and the sea.

THE FISHERS

A GAINST the dark stares the headland light,
Sea-wind must do, not dream, to-night.

Out is the rock-light, day in the sky,
Sea-wind, at his dreaming, what does he sigh?

“As sound the sleep I sealed with the waves,
But the wives might have sat by grassy graves.”

THE WOLF OF THE EVENINGS

HARK, hark!
The thin wolves bark;
They whim and whine
For the mild moonshine;
They snarl at the hill-star caught in the cloud,
They snap at the flapping wings of the dark.

Howl, howl!
The great gray owl,
His eyeballs blaze
Down the windy ways;
With the sweep of the rack on your leader crowd,
Rally, wolves, by the eyes of the owl!

COYOTE

A DIM lithe shape moves over the mesa,
Roves with the night wind up and down;
The light-foot ghost, the wild dog of the shadow,
Howls on the level beyond the town.
Cry, cry, Coyote!

No fellow has he, with leg or wing,
No mate has that spectre, in fur or feather;
In the sage bush is whelped a fuzzy thing,
And mischief itself helps lick him together.
Up, cub Coyote!

The winds come blowing over and over,
The great white moon is looking down;
In the throat of the dog is devil's laughter.
Is he baying the moon or baying the town?
Howl, howl, Coyote!



COYOTE AND CHEMEHUEVI INDIAN

COYOTE

The shadow-dog on the windy mesa,
He sits, and he laughs in his devil's way.
Look to the roost and lock up the lambkin;
A deal may happen 'twixt now and the day.
Ha, ha, Coyote!

TO A WATER-OUZEL

(WITH APOLOGIES TO JOHN MUIR)

WHEN out the mountain river gushes,
Pure from the snow-peaks, down-
ward rushes,
Roaring in the cold,
Between sheer banks of channelled rock
Tumbling, with shout and thunder-shock,
Down, down the cañons old,

Then, Ouzel, on stiff wing, you share
The wild, high, irised joyance there,
The roaring gorge along;
As the raging staves descend
The bowldered ice-aisles end to end
You answer, song for song.

Solitary of the fall
Plunging from off the thunder-wall,
The hill god guards your home;



PO-HO-NO OR BRIDAL VEIL FALL



PEI-WEI-ACK OR THE VERNAL FALL

TO A WATER-OUZEL

The revels of the shredded tide
Splash him and you, and none beside,
Soul of the cataract foam!

It never fades, the rain-bowed morn
When, on the ledge where you were born,
Into the sheeted spray
You looked from out the mossy nest,
While, on the dripping rock at rest,
Beckoned prisms Day.

Still comes he to the loud-voiced ledge,
Still comes he to the torrent's edge.
You see, and cannot stay;
You dash into the silver cloud,
The cañon's crown and glory-shroud,
Spirit of the spray!

THERE WOULD I BE

THERE would I be
Where black pines file between the
bowlders;
Where voices call the sea-birds
From the sea.

Where peaks, at morn,
Put on wild yellows as they break;
O' night, to patient spaces
Stars are born.

Where, with the day,
The deer get up, scaring the dreams;
Where quail scratch in the open,
Rabbits play.



POINT LOBOS

THE ROUND OF THE SOUTHLAND YEAR

EACH leaf a voice, in shrub and tree,
And every wind a song,
Matched are the singing boughs of Araby
Our glad Southland along.

To music leaps the heeding grass,
The lupin, purple, blue ;
Lighted, as by the kindling measures pass,
The poppy flashes through.

Fainter the strains when rains are gone,
Softening the colors where
They run up to the hills, and blended on
Their sides, lie lovelier there.

But Love's queen blossom still is blown
When every hill is brown,
Sweet as the dream-voice singing all alone
Where melody went down.

AT THE SILVER GATE

We reck not how the months run, here,
When summer comes or goes;
The heart reads not the dial of the year
Where always there's a rose.



OLD PALMS, SAN DIEGO MISSION

SPRING IN THE SOUTHLAND

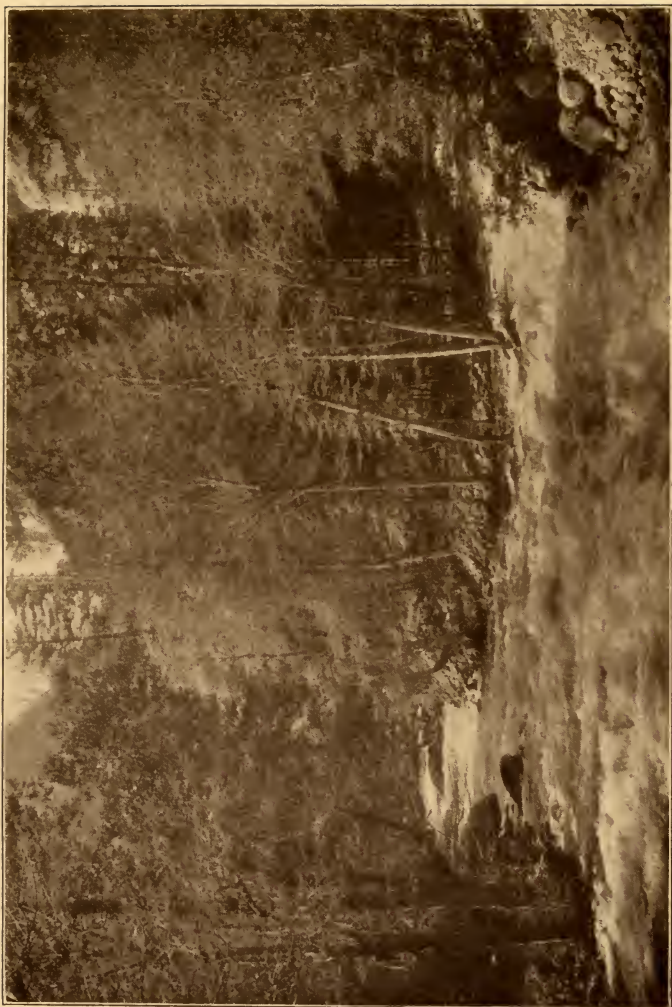
THOUGHT-SOFT they are gone, the grays of
the rain,
The browns go under the green again;
The wind sings love-songs whither he blows,
Now to the poppy, now to the rose;
And which is the sweeter nobody knows.

Thought-soft they are gone, the browns and the
grays,
From the hill-paths all and the valley ways;
Where they were is some lovely thing
The meadow-lark and the linnet sing.

Lupin, larkspur, and painted-brush,
Into the arms of day they rush;
Musk and iris and columbine,
From the slope to the shore where the sea-waves
shine.

AT THE SILVER GATE

Scarlet and gold and white and pink —
Fast as love and beauty can think —
And over it all, my heart, the hue
Of the gentle heavens, bare and blue,
Of the blessèd heavens, where the dreams come
true.



MEETING OF THE WATERS

SUNSET IN THE REDWOODS

THE sky is lilac, the sky is rose;
Fainter and fainter the redwood
glows;
The winds would be still;
The dove is calling,
The dusk is falling,
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail;
Faster and faster the colors fail;
The winds grow still.
The dove, is he calling?
'Tis the soft dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The dove is dreaming,
The love-star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.

OUR POPPY

“**C**OME,” said once the sun,
“ I will be one
To shine into the grass,
To pass,
New life into the earth
For a god’s own beauty-birth.”

“ Ay,” replied a star,
In night afar,
“ We will see what we can do.
We two
Will first make golden weather,
Then sow, down there, together.”

Now, deep under ground
Was caught the sound
Out of the western sky:
“ And I,”



CALIFORNIA POPPIES

OUR POPPY

Spoke up a bright-eyed metal,
" Will help tint every petal."

Soon the day and night
Of golden light
First made the golden weather;
Together,
Then, began to sow
The greening fields below ;

While up the gold did burn,
And, in its turn,
Matched earth's with heaven's glory.—
The story
Of Our Poppy's told,
Our blossom of the gold.

NINETTE'S SONGS

I

AS the shadows glide
Over the oats on the ripe hillside,
So we journey, Life and I:
O sweet youth-time, go not by!

Where the warm winds meet,
To the wreathèd pipe we time our feet;
There we linger, Life and I:
O sweet youth-time, go not by!

Where the grasses play,
Ever we wander away and away,
Singing, laughing, Life and I:
O sweet youth-time, go not by!

NINETTE'S SONGS

II

CATCH-fly, clocks, and columbine,
Whose am I if he is mine?

Blue-curly, bindweed, baby-eyes,
Love is cruel when he tries.

Hound's-tongue, nightshade, meadow-rue,
I'll have lover none but you.

Pin-bloom, pipe-vine, pimpernel,
This, sweet naughty, you know well.

Shepherd's-purse and shooting-star,
Strangest folk all lovers are.

Silverweed and thimbleberry,
Ho, my heart, but we are merry!

Bleeding-heart and virgin's-bower,
Now it is the lover's hour.

Stonecrop, stickseed, tiger-lily,
He will love me — will he, will he?

THE CAÑON CHILD

THE fog swept up the cañon walls ;
I heard, as when a bush-bird calls,
Hard by the cabin wrapt in gray,
A lone child *singing* at her play :—

“ O fog from off the great wide sea,
Whom, one day, will you bring to me?
Fog, will he be so grand and strong
He will but smile, and stride along?

“ Or will he stop and speak me fair
With words my heart hears in the air ;
Low, wondrous words unheard before
Dear Spring is at the cabin door?

“ O fog from off the great wide sea,
Among so many, one to me
Will come ; sometimes I hear a name,
Like a wind-voice, but not the same.”

THE CANON CHILD

So, artlessly, the song ran on
The sun broke through and it was gone.
The mist had drifted, drifted by,
But not the pity of the sky.

Remember, Heaven, the frail flower-thing!
Ah, let her in the rock-cleft swing,
Hid from men's eyes, her little day,
Till to soft sleep she drop away!

Drift by her, round her cabin curl,
Shield, fogs, the lone, unmothered girl;
Far better your wild care than his
Would kill what made those melodies.

Better her heart should dream than wake
To bleed dry, drop by drop, or break,
Crushed to quick death by the mad hand
That grasps, and does not understand.

MORNING IN NAPA

THE plunging spines of mighty morning hills
Lunge through the fog, the far white fog
that fills

The fresh world up till broad-backed ranges be
Schooled porpoises breasting a vapor sea.

The sleepy oaks of Napa wake and lean

To meet the wild oat in its April green ;

The slope uncovers ; while between the swells

Of wind merrily ring the blackbird-bells,

And liquid music, hurrying note to note,

Spills, overflowing, from the starling's throat.



EARLY MORNING IN THE FOOTHILLS

THE REDWOODS FAIRY

IT is one of those fringy, winding places
Where close the clover-velvet interlaces,
And the dwarf oak and little evergreen,
Lovers, in one another's arms are seen ;
While larkspur, painted-brush and poppy flame —
All flowers the low winds, coming, call by name —
Make mimic sunsets under foot, with hues
Of purple and of scarlet, greens and blues,
Blended so deftly evening may despair
To paint a hilltop or a sky so fair.
Here, years ago, the simple hill-folk heard
The Fairy sing,— a birdsong with no word.
June-long, at golden noon, they heard the song,
Floating, alone, the listening hills along ;
And ever — so it seemed — with magic pace
The young winds danced to it ; with some new
 grace
The mating birds, of the madroño boughs,

AT THE SILVER GATE

Wove snatches of it in their lovers' vows.
When over hill and valley way was spread
Dull, slumbrous color for the season dead,
They heard it yet once more — too sweet to stay —
Then, strangely as it came, it sank away.



REDWOOD TREES

A DANCE IN OLD SAN DIEGO

'TIS on the bough-roofed dancing-floor,
Back in the brave days now no more,
Where the dashing cavaliers
Trip it with the lissome dears
Baring those dangerous ankles, down
In gay old San Diego town.
To the viol and guitar,
Rival of the evening star,
Her filmy skirt a little lifted —
Upgathered like a mist, wind-shifted,
Curled to left, and swirled to right —
Glides Josefita into sight.
Yon rider, on the reeking roan,
Spurred — love's haste — from El Cahon,
Is rocking, rocking in his seat,
Keeping the motion of her feet.
He turns his horse, now, whirls him round
The circuit of the dancing-ground —

AT THE SILVER GATE

Is it ground, or is it ocean,
Lifting, sinking, with her motion?
Bravo! huzzas for dark Del Mar;
Roan and rider leap the bar!
Josefita, mark her, now;
Lilts so lightly no leaf on the bough.
Tripping the bamba, such her grace
You half forget the lovely face;
The brimming glass, on her small head,
Lies like a lily, on its bed.
The music ceases; only one,
Del Mar, dare do it — it is done!
In that old pastoral day or this,
Well risked a life for such a kiss.
Some haughty horseman will go down,
To-night, in San Diego town.
'Twill be the other man; no fear
For Josefita's cavalier.



DANCE IN OLD SAN DIEGO



LAKE TENIEYAH. NAMED AFTER CHIEF TENIEYAH

SPEECH OF THE YOSEMITE CHIEF,
TENIEYAH

TENIEYAH, the old Ahwahneechee chief,
Last of a long and mighty line, strode on,
His neck unbent, before the pale-face guards,
Prisoner of war. Come to the conqueror's tent,
He looked on the dead body of his son,
Slain, fighting at his side.
Thereafter, seven long darkened days he sat,
Bowed, brooding; then shook off his dream, and
rose,
And stood forth, chieftain that he was, and said:—
My goodly people are uprooted trees;
Bed-fellows of yon yellow pine, stretched out
Along the ground; even so, fallen on the face.
But hear!—I speak this once, and not again.—
These tired feet in the dim path white men fear
To follow, closer am I to our gods,
To Him, the God of all;

AT THE SILVER GATE

Wherefore I point to certain things I see,
And you, aloof, see not.

When I am gone, and all my people gone,
Then will I call mine own to me once more,
And lead them back, here, to the mother ground;
With them avenging spirits of the rock,
The river and the wind. Whither you turn,
White men, by day, by night, we shall be there,
To look you in the eyes.

Under our gaze shall creep on you strange cold;
Nor shall your heart-blood have its heat again,
But clog in your numb breasts, midway your
throats,

Praying to Death; who, hearing, will not come,
But leave you to the selfsame ghosts you made.
The words the spirits speak to him that hears.
Tenieyah, Chief, is done.



INDIAN CACHES, YOSEMITE

PRAYER TO THE RAIN-GOD

LORD of the cool trees and the fields in flower,
Of the green hill, the grassy valley-place,
Thy creatures scrape the stone, they sift the dust,
The heap the spider leaves. Earth knows us not:
The ground denies her own.

We grope, nor gather; blue under the eyes,
With fasting bowels flattened to the rib.
How shall the mother suckle the thin babe,
Her milk sunk off as waters from their bed?
She, with the gaunt beast, stumbles in the way,
Because the clouds forget.

Lord of the river and the winter rain,
No comfort stays, nothing is left of all.
Oh, were it war, our strong men would not faint,
But spill their blood out gladly, give their skulls
And their proud hair to rot upon the field,
Knowing thine eye had been upon the toil!

AT THE SILVER GATE

But now we are as ridges of the hill,
The smitten hill forgotten of his cloud.
Giver of Life, give us wherewith to keep
Thy goodly gift, else let the desperate snake,
Swallowing his spittle, do it on our graves!

TO A YOUNG MOTHER LYING DEAD IN
CHILDBED

THY people's excellence and tender dove,
Ended the toil. Rise, now, for it is day;
The red of morning looks between the clouds.
Rise, now; with wonder of the slumbered bird,
Begin the Journey of the Growing Light,
Soar toward the Golden Houses of the Sun.
Our gentle soldier, over now, the war,
The silent battle fiercer than the strife of men,
And thou art ours no more.
Thy father, thy lone mother, bids thee go;
Yea, there is not a heart would hold thee back.
Come to the Pleasant Place, remember us
That loved thee wholly. Speak our names in
Heaven;
In love's soft way speak all our names in Heaven.
Set forth, low-voiced, the sorrows of the poor:
Tell Him of the long pain,—

AT THE SILVER GATE

The nakedness and hunger. Tell Him all,
And He will harken, for it is thy voice.
Soft conqueror on the lone unstoried field,
Quit, now, the thick of battle won for love;
They that the most will miss thee, bid thee go.

YÁPPAN

TO-DAY, the Golden Garden, nine heavens
high,
Knows not the feet of her for whom it blooms ;
From the Dove Fountain to the Tree of Flowers
The singing dwarfs are mute, for loss of her
Bound earthward, burning down the slope of noon,
Bright in the day-fire as the star in dark,
Slid from its place down slant paths of the night :
She of the Golden Garden mistress, queen,
The Rose of Love, is on love's errand gone.
One sees her from afar,— the shadow-man,
Yáppan, fixed on the Stone of Penitence.
His eyes, strained heavenward many a year, devour
The vibrant flame, while out of it he hears
The old heart-music, silenced long ago,
The voice of her he loved in other days :
“ Peace be to thee, belovèd ! rise, and come.”
So did the unforgetting soul go forth
Of Yáppan, lover, gathered to the gods.

THE WORDS OF HOKAN, THE HERMIT

I HAVE not, Mother, made my home with men,
But in thy house, and at thine honored knees.
The days wash white these hairs — to die for that!
The oak, the grass, the stream — these are my kin,
Not men; yea, I am brother to the rock,
To look up, Mother, till thou stop the stars.
So have I trusted thee I can trust Death;
He will reach past me to the faithless life.
'Tis false, the voice that calls across the dark,—
“Thy Mother, too, forgets; she looks away!”
Last night, the white moon stood on yonder hill,
Gazing too tenderly. Yet did I sleep.

BATTLE-MOUNTAIN BELLE

IT was in scarred Nevada,
And in the smoky gloom
When the players drew back from the
tables
At Harrigan's gambling-room.

All night an old man had watched them,
A shadow dim and still;
But now he began a story,
At the hell on Happy Hill.

All night he had sat in silence,
But now he began to tell
Of two lovers come a-wooing
Battle-Mountain Belle:—

“The sun is slowly setting,
Never so red before,
And Belle of Battle Mountain
Is standing at the door.

AT THE SILVER GATE

“ Rides up young Earl the Certain,
Rides up young Shooting Starr :
‘ Battle-Mountain beauty,
We seek you from afar.’

“ ‘ I hear you, Earl the Certain,
I hear you, Shooting Starr ;
Clear the ring of your voices
For men that have ridden so far.’

“ She plucks from her hair a feather :
‘ The sun is not yet down ;
Sirs, prove they have lost true lovers,
The girls in the valley town.’

“ She plucks from her hair the feather :
‘ Sirs, pace your ground and stand ;
Him I would have for lover
Must cut this from my hand.’

“ She twirls the pale hawk-feather
In that small hand, like the cone
Of the fir in turn and taper,
And brown as the brown madrone.

BATTLE-MOUNTAIN BELLE

“ She twirls the pale hawk-feather,
She holds it at arm's-end;
The shooters stand together
At the neck of Hazel Bend.

“ The lovers stand together:
May heaven end it well!
Who cuts from her hand the feather
Is lover of Battle Belle!

“ First, Earl the Certain.
The sun's in his eyes — awide!
No, 'twas a hit! There's mischief!
The hand is down at her side.

“ Coward! He has nicked a finger!
Coward? 'tis easy said;
He has turned the muzzle homeward,
And one from the valley lies dead.

“ But see! again she holds it!
The shot is harder far;
The feather sways and trembles —
Steady, Shooting Starr!

AT THE SILVER GATE

“ Bravo! a slim tip drifting,
Afloat in the low sun-flame;
While forward leaps the winner,
With a curse on his rival's aim.

“ Cries Belle of Battle Mountain,
‘ He nicked a finger, you say.
Look! a wound, and no bleeding!’
She presses the blood away.

“ Her eyes yearn toward the hazels.
‘ Is love so fast?’ she cries;
‘ Love takes time to pity
The man that dares and dies.’

“ Her eyes yearn toward the hazels,
She heaves the spent deer's breath;
She draws her straight up, smiling,
But the smile is the smile of death.

“ A small straight blade she clenches,
At her bared breast aims well:
‘ There's one that has not tried yet
For the heart of Battle Belle!’

BATTLE-MOUNTAIN BELLE

“ ‘ I yield ! I yield ! ’ cries the lover ;
And the dagger drops to its place.
‘ He speaks yet, Earl the Silent,
Lying on his face.

“ ‘ I yield ! ’ he sighs. ‘ *’Twas the other !*
My way lies lone and far.’
They part, the mountain beauty
And her lover, Shooting Starr.”

The old man had told his story ;
The murky room was still.
He turned from one to another,
At the hell on Happy Hill.

He looked from one to another —
It was no longer night ;
’Twas mist that hid the rabbit
At play in the gray of the light — :

“ You have heard an old man’s story,
Have heard it to the end ; ”
And his voice had the dreamy murmur
Of the wind in Hazel Bend :

AT THE SILVER GATE

“The lover rode down from the mountain;
Nor has he shot from the day
He clipt the pale hawk-feather,
And took his lonely way.

“You all are young, all shooters;
Let two come out the door:
Shooting Starr is darkening,
And he would shoot once more!”

So passed he into the morning
While yet the world was still;
But no man rose to follow
From the hell on Happy Hill.



TUTOCKAHNULAH OR THE "CROUCHING LION"

CHIEF TUTOCKAHNULAH AND TISSAACK

YOSEMITE had once a chief,
Born to greatness and to grief;
Wondrous hunter, warrior tall,
Tented on his mountain wall,
Forth he stood, and it was dawn;
It was night when he was gone.
And go he did. For, by and by,
From the dome where fade and die
Loveliest sunsets, and the star
Comes first, and fairest dream-shapes are,
Like the one floweret in the shade,
Looked down on him the Spirit Maid.
Never more the mighty hand
Was lifted for his loyal land;
Limp his arm was, dull his blade;
His valley withered, slow decayed.
Erelong the Daughter of the Skies
Grew troubled; tears were in her eyes.
So piteously did she complain,
Yosemite's wall was rent in twain,

AT THE SILVER GATE

And 'twixt the domes, as now it flows,
Poured the River of the Snows.
The thirsty trees, the grass, the grain,
Hurried green and glad again,
While onward rushed Nevada's river,
To glut the lusty vale forever.
The thankful tribe with one acclaim
Gave to the loftier dome the name
Of her who, in sweet pity, prayed
The heedless gods,— the Spirit Maid.
Those features opposite, whose were they?
The chieftain's, not to fade away;
His own who with the hunting-knife
Engraved them, cut in them his life.
The lover wrought it in a night,
And vanished so from mortal sight.
Old Yosemite's youthful brave
Long is in his unknown grave;
On his tribe the grasses grow,
And the winds walk to and fro.
But still the Spirit has a home
On the lone and awful dome,
Fronting full her lover's face,
Chief, once, the glory of his race.



TISSAACK

HOW SIR COYOTE BROUGHT FIRE TO THE CAHROCS

IN the beginning Chareya made fire
(That is, the Cahrocs say so),
Housed it safe with two beldams dire,
And meant to have it stay so.
But the Cahrocs didn't care an iota;
They vowed that fire should be free.
To every lock there's a key,
And straightway they sent for Sir Coyote.
Coyote came, and with solemn face
Heard patiently the Cahroc case.
With half-shut eyes and impressive paw,
He drew up his brows and laid down the law.
An emphatic snort —
Like his speech, very short —
And said he, "In my bones I feel it:
The way to get fire is to steal it."—
"Right! Right!" cried every Cahroc's son,
"Show us the way, and the thing is done."—

AT THE SILVER GATE

“Anon,” said Coyote,
Stroking his goatee;
Then, gravely bowing to left and right,
He trotted off, and was out of sight.

Fire for the Cahroc nation!
Coyote made preparation:
From the land of the Cahrocs afar to the east,
Way on past the camp of the Kagobaggs,
He stationed, now here, now there, a beast,
Along the trail to Hut-o'-the-Hags.
The small ones farthest off he put,
The big ones nearest the witches' hut;
And lastly, hard by the guarded den,
Placed one of the strapping Cahroc men.
Ready! Up he limped and tapped,
Crouching and shivering, faintly rapped,
At the old crones' lonely door:
“A thousand pardons for being so bold;
But I've lost my way, and I'm lame and cold;
Pray, give me a bed on your floor.”
Cunning Coyote, they let him in,
And, snug at the feet of the beldams dire,
He stretched his length to the open fire.

HOW SIR COYOTE BROUGHT FIRE

Not long he lay, when oh, the din,
The jamming and slamming, heard outside!
Such bumping and banging,
Such whacking and whanging!
Like very scritch-owls the witches cried,
And rushed to see
What the noise could be.
'Twas only the Cahroc man,
Playing his part of Coyote's plan;
But the witches, how should *they* know!
And before you could say so,
Coyote was off with a half-burnt brand.
Twitching and whisking it,
Switching and frisking it,
The best he knew,
Away he flew
Down the trail to Cahrocland.

Coyote scampered as never before
Skittering wolf from witch's door;
But his spindling pegs
— Mere spider legs,—
Nature never designed them
To match the shanks behind them.

AT THE SILVER GATE

Help for Coyote! Quick!
Or they'll have the burning stick—
Zounds! what's that?
The Cougar! 'S S S Cat!
All but from the head crone's hand
His jaws have snatched the brand,
And he's off like shot!
"On time to a dot,"
Coughs Coyote, clearing the soot from his throat;
"Not a hair will they pluck from *that* fellow's
coat."

!
Where is the record of brittle old bones
That scuttled as now did the legs of the crones!
The witches were wondrous fleet and strong,
But the line of the beasts was a deal too long;
From the cougar the brand was passed to the bear,
And so on down to the fox, to the hare,
Thence on and on, till, flat in their tracks,
The crones collapsed like empty sacks.
!

'Twas a gallant run from the beldams' den
To the homes of the anxious Cahroc men;
And but two mishaps in all the race,

HOW SIR COYOTE BROUGHT FIRE

In all the famous firebrand chase. •
The squirrel, as sharp he whirled
Round an awkward corner of stumps and
 boulders,
Burned his beautiful tail so it curled
Clean over his back,
And scorched a brown track,
Still seen (tail also) over his shoulders.

The frog's was harder luck.
As dull as a butternut shuck
Was the brand when he got it.
He jumped till he thought it
Was safe; when, pounce, like a stone,
Fell the claws of the foremost crone.
He was caught, at last;
She had him fast.
His eyeballs bulged, his little heart thumped,
'Most broke his ribs, so hard it bumped;
So frightened he was, that, down to this day,
He looks very much in the same scared way.

The frog was caught, and squeezed to a string;
But the fire — aha! that's another thing.

AT THE SILVER GATE

“Co-roak, chug, choke,
Granny Hag, good joke.
Well you’ve followed it;
So move up your hand,
And take your old brand”—
Then he swallowed it!
And while she was lost in wonder,
He slipt her fingers from under;
Plunk! into a pool he lunged,
Splashing her beard as he plunged.
He had saved the brand;
But the witch’s hand
Still clutched his special pride and care,
His tail, so piteously wriggling there.
Henceforth — he must grin and bear it —
Only the tadpole would wear it.

By and by when the crones had gone,
He sought an old log, and got on:
“Rather short of beauty,
But I did my duty;
That’s enough for a frog.”
Then he spat on the log,

HOW SIR COYOTE BROUGHT FIRE

Spat the swallowed spark
Into the bark.
Fire! fire! to your heart's desire,
Fire! fire! for the world entire,
Free as the air to everybody,
White man or Cahroc, wise man or noddy.
From the beldams' den,
A gift to all men,
Coyote brought it.
In the wetttest weather
Rub two sticks together,
Presto — you've got it!

THE FALL OF SIR COYOTE

GREAT ones will totter and fall,
Napoleons, Coyotes and all.
Sir Coyote, inflated from birth,
At length became such a puff
There was not room enough
On this little bit of an earth;
A knight of his size
Should tilt in the skies.

Every night came a star
Not so desperately far
From the hilltop Coyote was wont to sit on,
And a mighty high plan His Bigness hit on:
“ I will get me ready,
And, the very first chance,
It's ho, for a dance
With you, golden-robed lady! ”

THE FALL OF SIR COYOTE

But the keenest earthly craft
May fail in the skies. The star,
Holding her course afar,
Only twinkled a little, and laughed
At Coyote's proposal. "So, lady," quoth he,
"You defy me. Do it! Ha-ha! tehee!"
And he began to bark.

Now, every night,
An hour before dark,
Not a star in sight,
It was bark, *bark*, BARK!
The star was so distracted
By the way Coyote acted,
At last she promised, in her despair,
The very next night a dance in the air.

Coyote, smoothing the gray on his breast,
Stands on the highest peak in the West.
The star comes up on her round;
He gives a prodigious bound,
And, rearing straight up in the manner grand,
Takes lightly hold of the lady's hand.
Tripping and prancing,

AT THE SILVER GATE

Away they go, dancing,
Up the sky;
Whirling so high
Klamath River
Is a sliver,
The valley a bit of belting-thread,
And the camp the wee tip of an arrow-head.

Higher and higher the dancers fly
Into the cold, the bitter cold sky.
“Courage, Sir Knight; we have not come far;
Keep good cheer!” cries the merry star;
“Mind we foot it together.
Isn't it lovely weather!”
Skipping and dancing,
Tripping and prancing,
Mount the two
Up the blue,
Faster, faster, whizzing and wheeling —
Coyote staggers, his head is reeling.
Cold, oh, so aching cold!
Frozen from tip of nose
To tip of tail and toes,
At last he — loses his hold!

THE FALL OF SIR COYOTE

How far it was no one can tell;
But many snows Coyote fell,
Till he lay flat
As a willow mat.—
'Tis risky business to dance with a star,
For Coyote or you, sir, whoever you are.

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PRESIDIO HILL

“From 1769 to about 1830—a period of over sixty years—San Diego lived within the adobe walls of its garrison on Presidio Hill. Nothing now remains on Presidio Hill to show the casual observer that it was ever anything but a vacant plot of ground. Weeds cover the earth, wild flowers bloom in their season, and always the ice-plant hangs its matted festoons from the scattered mounds of earth.”—Smythe: *History of San Diego*, v. 1, p. 81.

“There is no possible doubt that the two old palms were the first ever planted in California. The seeds from which they sprang were a part of that remarkable outfit with which Galvez had thoughtfully supplied his expedition for the conquest of the new empire.”—V. 1, p. 99.

“Presidio Hill is historic ground, and should be preserved as such, forever. It is the birthplace of civilization on the Pacific Coast of the United States.”—P. 47.

AT THE SILVER GATE

“ Those were gloomy days on Presidio Hill, the summer and fall of 1769. No converts, no progress toward cultivating the soil, no white sails on the horizon to tell of returning ships from Mexico; nothing but sickness and death and the chill portent of coming disaster. Of the forty whom Portolá had left when he marched away, nineteen died before he returned, and the survivors were heart-sick with the sad work of laying them in graves. Of those who died, eight were soldiers, four sailors, six Indians and one a servant.

On January 24, the disheartened party of twenty souls living within the stockade on Presidio Hill was startled by a discharge of musketry. It was Portolá and his men, returning from their futile search for Monterey. But they brought small comfort for Father Serra. Portolá had accomplished nothing in the North; he could not see that Serra had accomplished anything in the South, and he declared that San Diego ought to be abandoned while there were yet supplies enough to enable the party to get back to civilization. Poor Junípero Serra was heart-broken at the decision. Preparations were made for the abandonment. But one thing could save San Diego, now — not only San Diego, but California as well. This one thing was the return of the *San Antonio*, which had been so long

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awaited in vain that no one now expected it—no one save the immortal priest. He went up to the hilltop on that fateful morning, and turned his eyes to the sea as the sun rose. All day long he watched the waste of waters as they lay there in the changing light. * * * As the sun went down he caught sight of a sail. * * * The arrival of supplies and recruits changed the whole face of the situation. Portolá thought no more of abandoning the settlement.”—Pp. 52-53.

MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

“Father Jáume in charge of the mission [on Presidio Hill] threw his influence in favor of removal. He desired an atmosphere which should be wholly free from the distraction of the military, yet not so far removed from the Presidio as to deprive him of protection. In his walks about the country he had discovered the ideal location. In fact, it must have suggested itself; for he had but to follow the river a few miles up the fertile valley to see where Nature pointed with unerring finger to the very place which seems to have been created for his purpose.”—Smythe: *History of San Diego*, v. I, p. 54.

AT THE SILVER GATE

THE WOODEN CROSS IN THE WEEDS

In the untended garden of this mission stands a small wooden cross, to mark the place where Padre Jáume's body was found, the morning after the massacre. One month from the day the mission was dedicated it was burned to the ground, 4 November, 1775. Padre Jáume, a blacksmith and a carpenter were murdered by the Indians.

“The savages were eight hundred strong when they stealthily surrounded the sleeping Spaniards — eight hundred sneaking cowards, marshalled for a battle against eight friendly whites under cover of midnight darkness. * * * It was an awful night up there in the shadow of the hills, where the stars looked down upon a scene which seemed eloquent of peace.

It is Father Luis Jáume who will stand out forever in boldest relief as men read the story of that terrible night. He was quickly awakened, and instantly understood what was happening, yet he did not seek the shelter of the guard-house nor seize a weapon of defense. He walked straight to the nearest and wildest group of savages, and, extending his arms and smiling a gracious greeting, said: ‘Children, love God!’ * * * They fell upon him in overwhelming numbers, dragged him down

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to the river, tore his clothes from his body, tortured and stabbed him, and left him a mutilated mass of unrecognizable flesh.”—Smythe: *History of San Diego*, v. 1, pp. 57-58.

BEFORE THE PORTRAIT OF PADRE JUNÍPERO

“His was the genius which could conceive great projects, then set others at work to carry them out. His name outshines those of all his contemporaries. * * * Junípero Serra obeyed only the Voice within.”—Smythe: *History of San Diego*, v. 1, pp. 53-54.

THE ALAMO

“The Defense of the Alamo is the most heroic event in American History.”—Garrison: *Texas*, pp. 206-7.

YÁPPAN

In the original of this legend, as given by Boturini, Yáppan is seduced by Tlazolteotl, “Queen of the Golden Garden,” and, notwithstanding his long penance, his soul is lost.



AT THE SILVER GATE

OUR POPPY

The State Flower of California.

CHIEF TUTOCKAHNULAH

While this old tale of the Yosemite Nations and the following stories of the Cahrocs of Klamath River, in Northern California, hold a doubtful place in literature, they seem worthy of preservation as among the more interesting illustrations of aboriginal fancy.

THE AUTHOR.

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